

*Jack.* [*Very irritably*] How extremely kind of you, Lady Bracknell! I have also in my possession, you will be pleased to hear, certificates of Miss Gardew's birth, baptism, whooping cough, registration, vaccination, confirmation, and the measles; both the German and the English variety.

*Lady Bracknell.* Ah! A life crowded with incident, I see; though perhaps somewhat too exciting for a young girl, I am not myself in favour of premature experiences. [*Rises* *looks at her watch.*] Gwendolen! the time approaches for our departure. We have not a moment to lose. As a matter of form, Mr. Worthing, I had better ask you if Miss Cardew has any little fortune?

*Jack.* Oh! about a hundred and thirty thousand pounds in the Funds. That is all. Good-bye, Lady Bracknell. So pleased to have seen you.

*Lady Bracknell.* [*Sitting down* *agoing* A moment, Mr. Worthing. A hundred and thirty thousand pounds I And in the Funds! Miss Cardew seems to me a most attractive young lady, now that I look at her. Few girls of the present day have any really solid qualities, any of the qualities that last, and improve with time. We live, I regret to say, in an age of surfaces. [*To Cecily*] Come over here, dear. [*Cecily goes across.*] Pretty child! your dress is sadly simple, and your hair seems almost as Nature might have left it. But we can soon alter all that. A thoroughly experienced French maid produces a really marvellous result in a very brief space of time. I remember recommending one to young Lady Lancing, and after three months her own husband did not know her.

*Jack.* And after six months nobody knew her.

*Lady Bracknell.* [*Glares at Jack for a few moments.* *Then bends, with a practised smile, to Cecily.*] Kindly turn round, sweet child. [*Cecily turns completely round.*] No, the side view is what I want. [*Cecily presents her profile*] Yes, quite as I expected. There are distinct social possibilities in your profile. The two weak points in our age are its want of principle and its want of profile. The chin a little higher dear. Style largely depends on the way the chin is worn. They are worn very high, just at present. Algernon!

*Algernon.* Yes, Aunt Augusta?

*Lady Bracknell.* There are distinct social possibilities in Miss Cardew's profile.

*Algernon.* Cecily is the sweetest, dearest, prettiest girl in the